THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

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"Mrs Johnson"—"The New Policeman"—
"Encore! a Bottle More"—(*to be continued.*)

PRICE 2d.

EDINBURGH:

H. ROBINSON, 11 GREENSIDE STREET.

GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Green Room Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Dec. 13.

DEAR SIR,—In passing down Wellington Street to-day, I was agreeably surprised at seeing some copies of your valuable little paper exposed for sale at "Lacy's Theatrical Emporium;" and on inquiry, found that his sale of them had become greater than usual. But I am forgetting my news, (which this week must be limited.) To begin:

It is my painful duty to announce the demise of Mr Thomas Holmes, (of the York Theatrical Circuit, and late of the Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh,) after a short but very severe illness. Mr Holmes had been playing at Chester until about a fortnight ago, when, being seized with dropsy, death terminated his career at the house of Mr Douglas, Church Street, York, at 11 A.M., on Wednesday, at the age of thirty-six. His remains will be interred this day, at 2 o'clock.

Mr Barnes, the American pantomimist, plays pantaloon to Flexmore at the Adelphi this Christmas. Business there at present is immense.

The performances at Windsor Castle will be as follows:—

Douglas Jerrold's new drama, in which Wright plays in.

Second Part of Henry IV. 'Sir John Falstaff,' Mr Bartley.

"Captain of the Watch," in which Mr Charles Mathews appears.

Paul Pry and Macbeth. Principal characters by the following:—Messrs C. Kean, Ryder, Graham, Addison, Harley, Meadows, H. Saker, J. Vining, Catheart, G. Everett, Brazier, F. Cooke, Chester, &c., Mesdames C. Kean, Phillips, Winstanley, Daly, &c.

G. Ellis, stage-manager of the Princess's, has written the forthcoming pantomime, which promises to be the best ever produced there.

The celebrated Harry Edwards plays clown at the Olympic.

Doughty, do. at the Royal Standard Theatre.

Sims Reeves has summoned H. Farren, jun. for arrears of salary, amounting to £38, and gloriously defeated the juvenile manager.

The Royal Soho Theatre opened on Monday last, under (mis)-management of Mrs Brougham, the play being "Richelieu;" introducing a Mr Walter Shelly as the *Cardinal*, from Dublin. We would advise him to return to Erin's Isle. A Mr Clifton acted the *King* capitally, in fact the only well played part in the piece; his make-up also was extremely good, and I shall not be surprised if he does not attain a much higher position on the London boards. On Wednesday night the manageress was "Honest." Who suffers? Why, the poor actors!

Farewell for the present. Yours, &c.

THE HUNGARIAN MALE INFANT.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 4.] FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1852. [Price 2d.

THE DRAMA—CAUSES OF ITS DECLINE.

OUR contemporary, the *Edinburgh News*, indulged the other week in upwards of two closely printed columns explanatory of the alleged decline of the drama. We allude to the article, not that there is anything strikingly novel in it, but simply because the subject is peculiarly within our limited scope; and we deem it right that erroneous impressions should be corrected wherever they are found, whether in the leading columns of the great *Thunderer*, or in the unpretending pages of the humblest journal of the empire; all are capable of mischief in their circle, and consequently not above contempt. Our contemporary starts with the drama in its earliest stages. He says:

"In the times which called forth

'thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,'

and other eminent dramatic writers of Greece and Rome, the stage might be, and indeed certainly was, a powerful mean, not simply of entertaining, but of instructing mankind. Only a very small proportion of the community in these famous states, even in their most cultivated days, could READ; and, if they could have read, books were still very sparingly accessible, or rather, to the many, quite inaccessible. Hence the necessity of addressing them through their *ears*; hence the growth, and flourishing condition, of both the drama and oratory among the Greeks and Romans, not to speak of other nations of old similarly situated."

Now, we dislike this eternal stump of modern times, that we are *able to read!* Upon what authority, we should like to know, does our contemporary assert that "only a very small proportion of the community in these famous states, even in their most cultivated days, could READ?" This is an assumption unsupported by a shadow of proof, and may be wholly false. In fact, the presumption is decidedly against our contemporary. The non-existence of the press at the period alluded to is of little consequence to the argument. We know that the ancients were acquainted with letters—that they had manuscripts, books, and were proficient in the fine arts. The inference therefore is, that the masses were not unrefined—not unacquainted with written works. We might as well suppose, that, because there were no steam looms some half century ago, there were no cotton or

woollen cloths manufactured in this country! The press did not invent letters—it merely facilitated the production of letters. It thus follows that the highly civilized Greeks and Romans, for aught that our contemporary knows to the contrary, may have been as familiar with books as the weavers of Lancashire or the west of Scotland were with cloths prior to the introduction of steam power. In Scotland, we have been absurd enough to attribute the introduction of scholastic education to the Reformation; but this is a fallacy. *Public schools* existed in almost every royal burgh in the kingdom, under the monkish system, at least three or four hundred years before the ascendancy of Protestantism.

Our contemporary's essay is a strange jumble of the past and present. "The decline of the Drama" might have headed an article with propriety some ten, fifteen, or twenty years back; but it seems out of date at the present moment, when it may be said that the stage has undergone a considerable revival, and is specially patronised and encouraged by the highest in the land —by royalty itself. But we must allow our contemporary to speak for himself. He has discovered that the decline of the drama (presuming, of course, that it has declined), is owing to the "advance of civilization," or rather the ability of the people to READ:—

"Such is the real state of the case. Let people talk as they may about this and that cause of the decline of the drama—let them, if they will, ascribe it to the introduction of wild beasts on the stage, or to the domination of operatic performances, or to any other circumstance they choose—the true cause, beyond question, is the altered condition of the minds of men in civilized society. All the minor causes that can be pointed to spring from that leading one, and the changed habits consequent thereon. The dinner-hour, for example, which, since the days of Shakspere, has shifted from eleven A.M., to five, six, and seven P.M., must doubtless (as is often said) have affected the inclinations and movements of people in regard to evening amusements. But this is subsidiary. The main cause of the declension of theatrical attendance is, that plenteous amusement has been supplied to the public in a different form—that they can take it in their own home and by their own hearths—in short, that they have become a 'reading public.' And what quantities of provender, good, indifferent, and bad—are daily and hourly offered for their acceptance! We have spoken of the novel as the grand foe of the Drama; but we should also take into account the multitudinous periodicals which have sprung up of late years, and which supply endless fireside entertainment in the cheapest shape. It would be a strange taste, indeed, which some of them did not suit. To speak the truth, they are only too well calculated for the gratification of all tastes.

"The mismanagement of the stage is another point often insisted on by persons attempting to account for the decline of the drama.

There are some, for instance, who turn up the nose at "Young Rosciuses," declaring them to be silly and contemptible absurdities, totally unknown to the stage in its elder and better day. This is not the case, however, as any one may see who turns to his copy of Shakspere. In the second act of Hamlet, scene 2, the coming of the players is announced to the Prince of Denmark. He asks, 'How chances it they travel? Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city?' The answer made is, 'They do not. There is an aiery of children, little eyasses, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it; these are now the fashion, and so be-rattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come hither. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, and the poet and the player went to cuffs on the question.' 'Is it possible?' says Hamlet; 'do the boys carry it away?' 'Ay, that they do,' is the reply. From this passage we see that Shakspere, who evidently levels at passing occurrences on the 'common' stages, had his own experience in his time of the 'Young Roscius' tribe. Various other allusions—in the Tempest, for example, and Henry VIII.—show to us that the regular drama had to complain, in the days of Shakspere, of as many shows of 'savages and men of Ind,' with wild beasts to boot, as it has now, or has ever had since. In explaining the decline of the drama in our day, therefore, we must look to other causes than the popularity of such minor kinds of public entertainments. Rivalry in this shape has ever existed."

This is the pith and marrow of our contemporary's two heavy columns on "the decline of the drama." We by no means deny him the credit of an acquaintance with dramatic literature and its history, but we dispute the soundness of his deductions in this instance. If the public, because they can read, are no longer to be instructed through the medium of their *ears*, and, we should add, their eyes; and if the occupation of a Socrates or a Demosthenes is gone, and "gone for ever," how comes it that the pulpit still thrives—that the multitude crowd after a Father Gavazzi, or a Dr Achilli, in the religious world—or a D'Israeli, or a Macaulay, in the political? The masses can read sermons and speeches, as well as novels, at home; but the fact is, there is something in the living voice, the attitude, the animation, the genius of a powerful orator, which impresses the mind more than books can; and true oratory will never fail in its attractions. In like manner, the drama is the embodiment of those sentiments or novels which we may read at the fireside, and will be more or less attractive in proportion as they are effectively produced. It is not the press that has injured the stage, nor yet the want of dramatic writers. An age which has produced a "Hunchback," or a "Lady of Lyons," and innumerable excellent melodramas, cannot be said to be deficient in scenic literature. The real or apparent decadence of the stage is to be traced to other causes,

and no doubt the advance of civilization is at the bottom of it. The higher and better educated classes are no longer satisfied with mere spectacles; they must have artistic talent, and that of the highest order, in the delineatian of character. This was apparent in the days of the elder Kean; it was made manifest on the recent visit of Miss Faucit, when the Theatre Royal was nightly crowded to excess. Her incomparable acting was as much relished by the intelligent and fashionable audiences who witnessed her performances, as ever the plays of Shakespeare were before the press had let open the flood-gates of literature; and he would be a bold man, indeed, who would assert, in the face of such enthusiasm as was manifested, that the drama is on the decline. It is the lack of histrionic talent, and not the disrelish of the drama, that makes empty houses and bankrupt managers. The evil is also increased by the fact, that while the talent of the stage has not kept pace with the intelligence of the better educated and more intelligent portion of the community, it is in a great measure beyond the purses of those classes who are precisely in the position to enjoy and be benefited even by mediocre performances. The stage is thus very awkwardly placed. Prices are perhaps too low to secure the permanent residence of first-rate talent, and assuredly too high to be available to the masses, to whom the theatre, with the ordinary run of good actors, would at once be a source of amusement and instruction. Such is our view of the drama, and its causes of apparent decline; and we think it a correct one. Reading, so far from proving injurious to the stage, ought to whet the desire for it, just as the description of a beautiful scene excites the relish of beholding it skilfully traced on canvas.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Monday.—Mr Gomersal's Benefit.—A new interlude was produced this evening, called "Edinburgh Gents." It is a laughable affair, and was very well cast, embracing nearly the whole comic strength of the company. A reference to the bills will fully describe the several characters, and save much writing. The plot is as follows:—*Mr Antimony* (Mr Cooper), *Mr Lovewell* (Mr Harcourt Bland), and *Mr Crabtree* (Mr Gomersal), return home, arm in arm, from a night of revelling, singing "We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear," just as breakfast has been laid for them, and their wives in the garden. Mr Crabtree is a regular bruin to his wife (Miss Cleaver), not allowing her a will of her own, or even to sit at table until he is seated—Mrs Crabtree is all submission. Mr Lovewell, on the other hand, is a complete Jerry Sneak, who is told by his wife (Mrs

Eburne), as there are not chairs enough for all, he may get a stool and sit by himself. When breakfast is over, the ladies go out for a walk, while the three husbands speak in rapturous terms of the love and regard they are held in by their wives. This is pooh, pooh'd by old Antimony, the bachelor, who proposes a plan to test their affection—namely, as they are *supposed* to be going on a fishing excursion, they shall conceal themselves in a private room adjoining the saloon, while he, when the ladies return from their walk, will announce the dreadful tidings that their lords are drowned. By this stratagem they will have a fair means of judging on the matter. They depart, elated with their project, and each certain of the fearful effect the news will have on their ladies' nerves. Unfortunately for their plan, it has been overheard by an inquisitive waiting-maid (Miss Allford). She hastens with the intelligence to *Mrs Easy* (Miss Arden), who has more than half-persuaded Mrs Crabtre to throw off her husband's yoke, and take the reins of government into her own hands. By *Susan's* information they are now on their guard for whatever may happen, and determine to turn the tables on their tyrants. In the next scene the stage is divided. The three husbands are discovered lying *per due*. The ladies return from their walk, and order refreshment. During the conversation that ensues, the gents. hear some rather unpalatable remarks, which they are obliged to swallow in silence. Old Antimony now comes on, and after a long prologue to the business, the "horrible affair" is told. Susan and *Brickets* (Mr Watkins), are loud in their lamentations. not so the ladies—Mrs Lovewell goes off to seek for a milliner; Mrs Crabtree orders her lunch to be sent up to her room; while Mrs Easy desires Susan to leave off crying, and take a pattern by her, as "it can't be helped." Antimony now taps at the door, and calls out the gents., who vow revenge on their better-halves,—footsteps are heard, and they all return to their hiding place with Antimony. Susan explains this to the ladies, who endeavour to make their husbands jealous of old Antimony, by hinting at proposals he had made to them. This so enrages the gents. that they burst from their concealment. Crabtree endeavours to *look* his wife down, but his power has fled. She doubles her fists and pummels him soundly, till, in the end, he goes down on his knees and begs forgiveness; after which a general reconciliation takes place, and the piece concludes. It was capitally played, and will, no doubt, become a favourite stock interlude.

Wednesday.—The tragedy of "Calaynos" was repeated this evening with increased effect. Herr Youngmans gave "Cigars and Cogniac" (in French), splendidly, and the "Kissing Song" for the encore. The new ballet of the "Star of the Rhine" was played for the fifth time, and we confess that the oftener we see it, the more we are gratified. We do not wonder at the fascination of the *Burgomaster* (Mr Martin); Mademoiselle Adele's dancing would excite *Maucorm* himself to trip it on the light fantastic toe. But we have already given a plot of the piece, and, therefore, must content ourselves with advising all who admire good dancing to go and see it.

Thursday.—Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" is so well known throughout Scotland, and, we may add, England, that it requires no description from us. Nevertheless, we must not pass over in silence

the performances of this evening. We were prevented from seeing it when it was played a few evenings back; but the temptation was too strong to miss it on this occasion. Miss Somers has never before appeared to such advantage;—she looked, spoke, and acted the part of *Patie*, the gentle shepherd, to perfection. The speech in the first scene, beginning

> "Daft gowk, leave aff that silly, whining way,
> Seem careless, there's my hand, ye'll win the day;
> Hear how I served my Meg, I'll be as weel
> As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal," &c.

was given with excellent effect, and received much, and well-merited applause.

In the scene on the washing green between *Peggy* (Mrs Eburne), and *Jenny* (Miss Cleaver), the arguments for and against a married life were advanced with great sprightliness on both sides. Jenny's bantering speech was applauded heartily—

> "Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride,
> Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
> Yelping for this or that wi' fashious din:
> To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
> Ae wean fa's sick, ane sca'ds itsel' wi' broe,
> Ane braks his shin, anither tynes his shoe;
> *The Deil gaes o'er Jock Webster*, hame grows hell,
> When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell."

We were delighted to see our old friend and favourite, Miss Nicol, in the part of *Mause*. There is no lady on the stage, here or in London, can equal her in such characters. Miss Davis played *Elspa* effectively; it is a part of no great consequence, but it gives us an opportunity of noticing a young lady, whose exertions in the *Corps de Ballet*, dressing and stage business, deserve honourable mention, and in this respect she does not stand alone, as we shall from time to time point out.

Mr Bruce Norton played *Bauldy* with his usual ability. The quarrelling-scene with *Madge* (Mr Watkins), excited roars of laughter. *Sir William Worthy* was well sustained by Mr Tindell. The scenes between *Glaud* (Mr Fisher), and *Symon* (Mr Macquire), were well acted; in fact, we suspect that a better representative could not be found for Symon, than our old acquaintance Macquire, and it would be considered little short of treason to cast any one else for it, he having played it for so many years, under our late manager Mr W. H. Murray. On the whole, the performance gave general satisfaction, the only drawback being, the omission of the beautiful songs dispersed throughout the poem.

The week before Christmas is, proverbially, the worst in the year for theatricals. Working people are saving their money for the new year, to enable them to visit their friends; but the same excuse cannot be given for the higher classes, and it is really too bad, that box company should withdraw themselves at such a time. They expect managers to get up grand spectacles, operas, &c. at enormous expense, and yet will not lend a helping hand to enable them to produce such.

The pieces produced this week have been in no way inferior to those of former ones. The beautiful ballet of the "Star of the Rhine" is, alone, worth all the money paid for admission. The orchestral effects are the best out of London, and yet, were it not for the pit, gallery, and upper box audience, we fear the treasury balance would be on the wrong page. We trust, however, that to-morrow (Saturday), the last night of the season, will bring a bumper house.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Dec. 10.—Calaynos—Star of the Rhine—I've Eaten my Friend.

Saturday, Dec. 11.—Calaynos—Gentle Shepherd—The Philosopher's Stone.

Monday, Dec. 13.—La Esmeralda—The Edinburgh Gents—The Philosopher's Stone.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.—La Esmeralda—Star of the Rhine—The Dead Shot.

Wednesday, Dec. 15.—Calaynos—Star of the Rhine—Edinburgh Gents.

Thursday, Dec. 16.—Calaynos—The Gentle Shepherd—Star of the Rhine.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The claims of the "legitimate drama" have been fully sustained at this theatre since our last—"Brutus," The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth," forming the leading pieces—and Mr Davenport and Miss Vining enacting the principal characters, if not to crowded houses, at least to highly delighted audiences. The weather, which has been wet and stormy for some time, operates, no doubt, unfavourably for public amusements, but generally there is a falling off in theatrical attendance at this particular period of the year—so closely approaching the Christmas holidays. We need hardly remark on the performances of Mr Davenport and Miss Vining, having had occasion to speak so frequently and favourably of them last season. We may remark, however, that we were particularly pleased with Mr Davenport's *Shylock*, on Saturday evening. His conception of the Jew was excellent, and the 'making-up' thoroughly in keeping with the character. Nor were we less delighted with Miss Vining as *Portia*. In the trial scene she was enthusiastically applauded. The other characters were well sustained, and as a whole the play was admirably performed. "Brutus" is a tragedy not often enacted—and perhaps it will never be a favourite, though certainly it might well become so with such a *Brutus* as Mr Davenport. He pourtrayed the inflexible, yet feeling Roman, in a truly classic manner. His *Macbeth* was equally well enacted—the varying emotions of the usurper, in his career of guilt, affording ample scope for histrionic talent. *Lady Macbeth* was admirably given by Miss Vining—who threw all the masculine energy of the daring woman into the character, without that coarseness which some actors seem to consider essential to it. The night-scene, in her illness, when she exclaims that all the perfume of

Arabia could not wipe away the blood-mark from her hand, was peculiarly impressive.

A new drama called "Gale Breezely, or the Tale of a Tar," in which Mr Davenport bears the principal character, was brought out on Tuesday evening, and has been played either as the first or second piece each night since. It is certainly an interesting story, and gives full scope to the manly feelings of the genuine blue jacket, into which Mr Davenport throws so much energy and downright feeling—and the oddities of Mr Webb, as *Robert*, servant to Mr *Allsorts* (Barry), uncle of *Gale*, prove a source of great merriment to the audience. The plot is the rescue of *Morna* (Miss Page), from the hands of a villanous smuggler, *Diderick Trilton* (Mr Verner), by *Gale Breezely*, which he accomplishes after various dangerous adventures and mishaps. We cannot see, however, that it was altogether consistent with his acknowledged bravery to allow the smuggler to carry off *Morna*, at the outset of the tale, when he had her so far safe in the house of his uncle. There is something defective in the plot at this stage of the business, and the spectator cannot help thinking that all the subsequent efforts of the tar might have been saved by a little exertion at that particular juncture.

Very considerable attraction is nightly to be found at the Adelphi in the ballet performances, since the advent of MADEMOISELLE D'ANTONIE amongst us. The "Star of the Rhine," in which she first appeared, has had almost a nightly run since. She is a fascinating dancer—exceeding any we have yet seen on the Edinburgh boards. Her movements are of the most graceful description, and truly surprising as mere physical efforts. She is, besides, an interesting looking girl, and a model of symmetry. We must not forget that Mr Mungall, as the *Burgomaster*, and Mr Carroll, as his *clerk*, contribute vastly to the fun of the piece. Mr Mungall is a decided favourite.

We observe that the operatic party—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Signor Borrani, Mr O. Summers, and Mr W. Harrison, who were recently here, will again appear for a few nights, prior to their return to London. They perform on Tuesday first.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Dec. 10.—Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin—The Daughter of the Rhine—Clari.

Saturday, Dec. 11.—The Merchant of Venice—The Daughter of the Rhine—The Brigand.

Monday, Dec. 13.—Macbeth—Grand Intermezzio—Idiot Witness.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.—Gale Breezely, or the Tale of a Tar—Grand Intermezzio—Therese.

Wednesday, Dec. 15.—Gale Breezely, or the Tale of a Tar—Grand Intermezzio—The King's Wager.

Thursday, Dec. 16.—Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin—The Daughter of the Rhine—Gale Breezely, or the Tale of a Tar.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—On Monday the 6th, Mr Josh. Silsbee commenced an engagement for six nights; and on the same evening, that charming actress and songstress, Miss Rebecca Isaacs,

made her appearance. Mr Silsbee was called before the curtain at the finish of the *Forest Rose*, and informed the audience, that with better acquaintance he should be more *slick*. The gentleman evidently laboured under a disadvantage in his *debut*, being visibly affected with a severe cold.

The burlesque opera of *Midas* followed, with Miss Isaacs as Apollo, in which she sang 'Pray Goody,' and another song, in such exquisite style, as to elicit an encore on each occasion. On Monday she played the part of Eliza in a new musical piece, called the *Dumb Belle*, in which she introduced 'Why are you wandering,' and 'Fairy visions,' with great eclat. Mr and Mrs Charles Pitt were to appear on Monday the 13th.

Rossini.—A letter from Trieste in the *Breslau Newspaper* states:—"Among the remarkable sights in our town, must be reckoned the appearance of the celebrated composer, Rossini, who has purchased property here with a fortune of a couple of millions of francs. Rossini is a great amateur of fishing, and may be seen every day as he puts out to sea in his elegant and comfortably arranged gondel, to entrap with net and hook the brisk inhabitants of the deep; but it is far more comical to see the corpulent old *maestro*, girt with a white apron, sitting as a salesman in the market, where he himself turns his booty into money; for he is no less a mercantile than a musical genius."

Theatre-Royal, Brighton.—A melancholy circumstance connected with this establishment occurred on Friday, the 26th Nov. The farce for the evening was "Out on the Loose," in which Mr Beaublet was to have played *Caprias*; but a short time before the performances commenced, it was discovered that the unfortunate man had committed suicide at his lodgings. The untimely fate of their fellow-performer caused considerable excitement at the theatre, and notwithstanding the sad news was kept from the audience, and his part being ably taken up by the prompter, Mr A. Mazzoni, perceptible gloom prevailed among the *corps dramatique*.

We are certain our readers will be gratified by our giving the following beautiful song, by Barry Cornwall, from *The Keepsake* for 1853.

Sing! sing me to sleep,
With gentle words, in some sweet slumberous measure;
Such as lone poet, on some shady steep,
Sings to the silence, in his noonday leisure.

Sing! as the river sings,
When gently it flows between soft banks of flowers,
And the bee murmurs, and the cuckoo brings
His faint May music 'tween the golden showers.

Sing! O divinest tone!
I sink beneath some wizard's charming wand;
I yield—I move—by soothing breezes blown,
O'er twilight shores into the dreaming land.

SONGS OF SHAKSPEARIAN TITLE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW.)

No. II.

"A day in April never came so sweet."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show when costly summer was at hand,
As when the ~~young~~ loved form I flew to meet,
Who'd journeyed thither from a distant land.
The ~~joy~~, delight, is more than words reveal—
The ecstacy, the bliss beyond compare,
To see, to speak again, while each can feel
There is a lover—all my heart is there.

Summer may smile, and zephyrs gently rove;
The perfumed rose may scent the ~~ethereal~~ air,
While young birds carrol out to heaven above,
And lilies bloom more exquisitely fair.
All prospects beauteous, charmingly divine,
Rich fields exhaling sweet and pure incense—
Cannot in fervour with the heart entwine,
While the beloved one of the heart is hence.

But welcome nature! welcome wondrous world!
Replete with rare delights to ear and eye;
Fair trees, fair flowers, ~~a~~ all their bloom unfurled;
Thour't doubly beauteous when the lover's nigh.
Sweet ~~echoes~~, harmonising, fondly meet,
~~Wild is our laugh, like nature's choral band~~;
Oh, days in April never come more sweet,
To show when costly summer is at hand.

FAG.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNIT.—The Edinburgh Dramatic Fund was, we believe, originated by Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, W. H. Murray, Esq., and the principal classic literati of the day. Mr Mackay was present at the first dinner. We cannot understand why it is now a mystery; the fault must lie with those who have the management, or in the "still small voices of the actors."

A SUBORDINATE.—We do not think that the servants of the theatre are eligible to the Edinburgh Dramatic Fund.

ERRATUM.—In No. I. of *Songs of Shakspearian Title*, 4th line—for "guiltless heart," read, "guileless heart," &c.; and at the 7th line—for, "There in thy holy offerings," read, "Then in thy holy offerings."

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